

I N M E M O R I A M.

WILLIAM H. DAVIS.

Funeral services for William H. Davis, held May 18, 1939 at 1:30 P. M. Thursday in the Wasatch Stake Tabernacle at Heber City, Utah, with Bishop Frederick O. Carlile presiding and conducting the services.

Flowers in charge of - Sarah Carlile, Florence Nelson, David Campbell, Leona Blackley, Marvel Murdock, Donna May Johnson, Phyllis Johnson, Joan Blackley, Mary Blackley, Jennie Broadbent, Mrs. Soupe.

Pall Bearers - Don Blackley, Emmett Blackley, Dee Blackley, Rodney Giles, Ben Cushing, Kenneth Johnson.

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Prelude - Pipe Organ and Violin, "O My Father", Ethel Watson and Maurine Thomas.

Prayer - Joseph A. Rasband -

Our Father in Heaven, we are thankful unto Thee at this time that we are permitted to come here and show our respect to this family in which there is a death, and Father in Heaven, while thus assembled at this time, may Thy spirit be with us. May we have the spirit of this occasion rest down upon us, and bless those who may take part this afternoon in these services. Those who will pray or accompany those who will sing, those who take part in song or music or those who will talk, Bless all who will take part in any way, that they may have the spirit of this occasion rest down upon them.

Our Father in Heaven, we are thankful unto Thee that we have been permitted to enjoy our life with this brother that has departed this life, even Will Davis. Our lives have been made better through the things he has rendered in this life, and the things he has done for mankind has made mankind better.

Heavenly Father, bless those called upon to part with this man, his wife especially, his children and the grand children, and all that pertain unto this family. We know and realize that death comes, but when it comes it is hard. The parting is hard and we realize that this is a sad thing, although we may look forward to it. It does not seem long before a person is to pass on, but still when the sorrow of parting comes, it upsets us.

I ask Thee to bless those who are called to mourn, in a special manner, and I ask Thee to bless all of us at this time that we may be more determined to help one another in life and in other things that may be uplifting and upbuilding to each and every one of us, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Quartett - "O, My Father" - Jos. Jorgensen, Wendell Duke, Jay McNaughton, Francis Probst.

"O. MY FATHER"

O, my Father, Thou that dwellest,
In the high and glorious place,
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside;
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near Thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose,
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And with held the recollection,
Of my former friends and birth,
Yet oftimes a secret something,
Whispered, "You're a stranger here":
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father,
Thro' Thy Spirit from on high;
But until the Key of Knowledge was restored,
I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single
No; the thot makes reason stare!
Truth is reason, truth eternal,
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you,
In your royal courts on high?
Then at length, when I've completed,
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation,
Let me come and dwell with you,
"And dwell with you".

John A. Fortie -

I feel very humble this afternoon in standing before you to occupy a portion of the time of this service, and yet, I have a feeling of deep appreciation for this opportunity to be counted among the friends of the descendants of William H. Davis, his wife and family.

I hope that I will be directed to say those things that will be comforting and consoling to those who have occasion to mourn at this time.

I can hardly recall when I first became acquainted, or knew of the Davis and the Cummings families. It seems that as long as I can remember any one, in this valley, I remember those families and there seems to be something in the course of human events which impressions make upon individuals in a different way, and in going over the history of the past, and in trying to remember some of the things that have happened and transpired, I am lead to

acknowledge the fact that those early impressions that are made favorably, impressions especially upon young people, have a great influence upon their lives. And when I go back over the history of the valley, as far as I can remember from seeing and hearing people tell of it, the pioneers were a very stalwart, industrious, courageous class of people who have lived very favorably, and it impressed my mind as a young person, the many wonderful things they have done and the way they lived, for they were very brave and courageous, and these two families were among those early pioneers.

I remember a long ways back, of the Davis ranch up at Hailstone, as it is commonly called, and I well remember the father of this man and he always impressed me as being a man of character and he was a man of industry and he was a man who had a great deal of ambition, and as I recall him, he was always pleasant, cheerful and encouraging to others.

On the other hand, the family of sister Liz were, as we called her Aunt Liz, I remember them being among the early pioneers of this valley and many of the things I can recall. I remember hearing my parents and other people speak of them in my home and in other places, and it was always very favorably they were spoken of, for everybody thought a great deal of these families. I have known them intimately all of my life. They were, to my opinion, with many of the pioneers, among that class of men and women who had the courage of their convictions and had the courage to face the problems of life. Even on their farms, on the ranges, and in the canyons, building of roads, the construction of canals and ditches to divert the water on the soil, that it might produce the necessities of life, that they would be able to build up homes that would be a blessing to themselves and posterity.

When I got to thinking along the lines of many of the early pioneers that lived up the creeks and canyons, and in other places, I tried to go over in my mind, the large families that were raised upon small farms and ranches in this valley, and as I recall them, they seemed to be the prosperous people of this valley, and had raised and maintained large families as a rule, and then I wonder sometimes, what happened to change conditions so much as they are today, and we find many of those places that were very homelike, very inviting and were producing the necessities of life that they could maintain a large family on one of the small places, and I wonder what has brought about the change of today. We find many of those same places producing a little grass to graze a bunch of sheep or cattle in the fall and in the spring and that is about the end of their value today.

These families, fine families, especially were men and women who had courage; they were fearless of the obstacles which confronted them and seemed to be very fearless. They faced them bravely and waded on through

difficulties and overcame them.

These people are children of those two families. I recall very plainly when they were young people, when we used to attend school together. They were somewhat older than me and I remember the Davis family used to come down from the ranch to parties and dances and then I remember when the family acquired a home in Heber and in the winter the mother would move down with the children that they might go to school, and I remember William M. Davis was always a very agreeable man, full of life and energy and ~~enjoyed~~ ^{he got} just as much pleasure out of life as any one I can remember, and I can say the same of his ~~good~~ wife. She was lively, cheerful, pleasant, agreeable, and always happy, and always making the crowd enjoy her as she made them happy, and ever since they have been married and making a home of their own, every time I have seen them, the same impression has come to me, that I do not know of another couple in my experience that seemed to get more out of life and more out of each others company, than did these two people, and that has been the impression I have had of them all my life.

We have not time to go into history, but they went through trials and adversities. They naturally made the best of discouraging conditions that they have had to overcome. They were numerous in every instance, where ever the pioneers have sojourned to the frontier of civilization, but they were a class of men and women who needed no one to come and tell them how to do this or that. If they had waited for someone to come and instruct them to overcome difficulties, and tell them how to do it, how to overcome these things and make a success of life, they would not have gotten very far as ~~the~~ pioneers of this country, but they had that characteristic manhood and womanhood that they were fearless; they were able to meet obstacles courageous and fearless. Together they were able to surmount almost every difficulty that faced them, and I think you can agree with me, that they were successful in their life and that this country has been blessed and benefited by them being here, and their families.

In bringing us up to a question that I do not doubt but what comes to the minds of every thinking man and woman sometime during their lives, "What is it all about?" Why do people make these sacrifices? Why do people break away from civilization and go to the frontiers and take their abode in the wilderness surrounded by everything discouraging. Why did they go to this wilderness. They must have been a great fearless people. They had accepted a great Plan, the Plan of Life and Salvation. Our Heavenly Father knew these things had to be. That these pioneers had to make this land a pleasant place in which to live, that they had to be here where they would be protected, that every person would enjoy these conditions. But in reality they must have had some urge. The urge to do something to make the world a better place in which to live, better for them having lived in it. They wanted to make conditions better for their children and make it possible for them to live and rear their families in peace and according to the dictates of their own hearts. It was some other force separate from their lives, some urge in them, to do something to make the world better for them having lived in it, to make conditions possible for others to follow them; that their posterity would not have to go through the same experiences as they did. In

other words, make life easier and more pleasant for their posterity.

I think we as Latter Day Saints, have an answer to that problem and question. That we were chosen of the Lord, that was the urge that pushed them forward in those days and it gave them strength and power to accomplish what they did and that is really the underlying secret of the success of the pioneers of this country. They knew without a question of a doubt, that they were on the right road. They knew they had accepted a great plan, the Plan of Life and Salvation, that they would be protected by our Heavenly Father if they followed his commandments and that every person would enjoy these privileges and blessings which had been promised if they lived as they were instructed to live in the things pertaining to this life. It was having the conception of life as it really was known in our cycle of activity. Knowing, as the majority knew that they had lived before they came here upon this earth and that they had been active in that sphere of action before they came here. There is a certain point in their lives when they had earned the privilege of being transferred into another school of life, that they might go through an experience which they were not able to do in that other sphere, that present state of existence, therefore, they were anxious for that opportunity to come and they had earned that opportunity and privilege and it was given to them.

I do not think there is a person present this afternoon who questions the fact that life is before we come here, and that human beings are born into this life and pass through different stages of opportunities and development. We have the infant, who comes into this life the most helpless of all of God's creatures. There is not an animal or insect or fowl that is as helpless at birth as is the human being and the human being must be cared for by man in a very tender way. Any of the other creations of our Heavenly Father can care for themselves. The infant is more valuable, because he is like the Creator Himself in the flesh and that is the purpose of them being here that they might stand as representatives here on the earth, and He delegated to them power and authority to administer the principles of righteousness here upon the earth, and that we then were to dominate over all the other creations, numerous as they are. He gave us intelligence superior to any other of His creations and He commanded that they should be faithful, that they should be fruitful and should multiply and replenish the earth and retain the earth for the purposes of His creation to live upon and they should exercise dominion over all the other creatures that have been placed upon the earth.

The infant comes here helpless, goes through the experience of infancy; he develops from infancy to childhood, he develops from childhood into youth and from youth to manhood and from manhood to old age and from old age his life ceases and there is another change which is no more or less than a change very similar to the change that comes to us when we receive the privilege and opportunity of coming from our present sphere of activities into this life.

The apostle Paul understood that, because when he made this statement, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable", stating clearly that he understood clearly that we had had a previous existence and we would have a future exaltation and that we had gone from another cycle of activity only divided up in spheres or periods and each period is the change and is a different one from the previous one and we obtain this experience. It is very similar to our schools of today. We start in the Primary grade in school and graduate from one grade to another during our entire life. We pass from one sphere of action to another and our life is compared to this school.

Now, my brothers and sisters, I want to leave this thought with you and with myself, that this is very serious. Do you believe Paul understood what he was speaking of when he made those statements, that there is more than this life, that this is not all that there was to it. Why do we make the sacrifices we do. Why should we go through the disadvantages and discouragements? Why should we try to make this land more desirable for our children and for our off spring? Why do we attempt to make life easier for them? Why do we deprive ourselves of the privileges and enjoyments that we now do today, if that was all of it? Why do not we live this life fully and complete and get all we possibly could out of it? Why do we wonder where we are going and where we came from? The inert desire, born within the human soul, that conviction in their hearts, that desire and that ambition that we know what is right, guides them with the spirit of wisdom, that makes of this life and the things they have in this life.

I know, my brothers and sisters, as well as you know anything to my own satisfaction, that this is only part of life, this period of this earth's life, it is only one part of our existence, a cycle of activity that we had experienced before coming here and we will have different experiences of living here, but we will continue to be active.

Now, that can be supported by reason, it can be supported by science, it can be supported by scripture, which is the guide and directory of our life and activities.

I would like to commend to you to read the thirty-seventh chapter of the book of Ezekiel, in the Old Testament and then re-read it and give it some thought and serious consideration. It is not what I said, but that is what the Lord says to the Prophet Ezekiel, and he tells just how these changes will come about and explains to you this change which we call death will come about and why we will be brought from this condition called death. It makes it just as clear as it can be made to any reasonable mind.

Now, I believe my brothers and sisters, the spirit of our Heavenly Father has been with us this afternoon

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and it has been with brother and sister William Davis, and it has made their home one of happiness, contentment and has given them joy in their social associations.

There is a certain affinity between these people and myself. Certain people that seem to draw them together and make them feel as though they had known each other and feel perfectly at home in each others presence. That is the way I have felt with brother and sister Davis. I have always felt at home with them and felt I had a friend in them, and it has been not only to me, but to others, and when I would go to their home, which was not often, I felt very much at home with them and felt like I had known them some other place and they seemed very near to me. I cannot account for it, except it was that affinity that exists between some people. Other people I feel near to and others I feel more strange while in their presence, but that has been my impression of this family and this home. They have made a "Home" and been friendly to many people and my prayer is that this spirit will still be with sister Lizzie and that she will be blessed with health and strength, and be able to enjoy life as long as it is desirable and she may have the association and love of her friends as she has had in the past, and that the spirit of our Heavenly Father will make up as far as possible, for the vacancy in her home of the departed loved one, that she may feel comforted and not mourn too much for her husband.

May the spirit of the Lord be with this family, relatives and friends, that they may stay close together, that they may live for each other.

May you have health and strength to withstand this blow in the parting with your loved one and may you be comforted, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Duet - "Song Of Hope" - Frank Epperson and Maybelle Houlton, accompanied by Vera Rasband.

"Song Of Hope".

After the day has told it's golden story,
And cloudy banners trail across the blue,
The sun smiles on and gathers heavenly glory,
With which to bathe fields hidden from our view,
Here shadows gather like a cloud of sorrow,
The night comes on when mortal eyes can't see.
The heart cries out, O, when will come the morrow?
The morning breaks, and all the shadows flee.

Ofttimes a life is like a day of splendor,
It's sunshine floods across a darkened sky,
Cheering and hearts with words both warm and tender,
Pausing like Christ to wipe a tearful eye,
Such Godly lives refreshed like crystal fountains,
Love thus unfeigned makes glad the world of men,
Lift up your eyes, when morning crown the mountains,
For God each day reveals Himself again.

When such lives cease and loved ones have departed,
And darkness seems to shroud the world of men,
Look up for He who soothed the broken hearted, said
"For thy friend who sleeps shall live again".

H. H. Haliday - Attorney of Salt Lake and life long friend of the Davis Family.

I am sincerely appreciative of the opportunity of being here today and paying with all of you good people, honor and respect to one who has departed this life, and to the fine family that he has left. I am deeply appreciative of the request of the family to say a few words on this occasion, as I have known them for many years, and coming here today, seems like coming home again. I cannot remember the time when I did not know this family. I met them through my folks and while roaming through the nice green fields and through Mr. B. L. Haliday, still living, and his wife, now departed.

He was always Will Davis to us children, although we were just kids, but it was always sister Davis to us, and by those dear terms we always knew them.

We used to spend a good portion of the year at the Davis ranch for many, many years, with the folks and when school was out, we would get into the wagon, harness up our horses and start out. It was about a one and a half or two days drive. We would go up Parley's Canyon and over the top to Park City and then over the old road over the hill to Heber, and I can remember us kids could hardly wait until we would turn the corner on the summit and see the Davis ranch.

Some of the fondest memories of my life are of this family and of this community. It seems very fitting that we should eulogize such a beautiful life as his, and it is a pleasure, a blessed privilege, we have to come to a House such as this to pay tribute to such a fine man.

Our families have always been close. We have always been friendly. We have always been together on occasions, and as I stand here, I come here to him, not as an individual, but as a representative of one family to another. I think Will Davis was one of the finest men I ever met.

I was fortunate ten days ago in being in his home and being able to talk with him. He was patient, he was bright and intelligent. We talked about some of the things we used to do when we used to come up and camp at the ranch at Hailstone.

A beautiful thing about this man that was very impressive to me, I would like to take time to tell. In the first place, I did not know his father, but I remember grandma Davis very well, and what a wonderful, good, kind mother-like woman she was, and this man was undoubtedly well born. You could tell that by associating with him. That is a beautiful thing, one of the grandest things in the world, and in general, to be well born. Something to be very proud of and this man WAS well born.

Mornin' comes, the birds awake,
Used to sing so for your sake,
But there's sadness in the notes,
That come trillin' from their throats,
Seem to feel your absence too,
Just a-wearyin' for you.

Evenin' comes, I miss you more
When the dark gloom's round the door,
Seems just like you orter be
There to open it for me,
Latch goes tinklin', thrills me through,
Sets me wearyin' for you.

George A. Fisher -

My friends: Seventy one years ago, on a little ranch at Hailstone, just only a few miles up the river, there was born to William and Mary Goddard Davis, a son. He was christened William H. Davis. He grew to manhood on this ranch, watching the glorious sun come over these eastern hills, saw it set every night in the color splendor in the west. Nursed his mother with a son's beautiful devotion until she passed away on the same ranch.

In the Fall of 1888, when the harvest time was over, just nearly fifty one years ago, he brought to this ranch home, the handsome, blue eyed, smiling Elizabeth Cummings Davis as his bride. He had met her at school when they went to the Brigham Young University at Provo. Together they have lived there ever since. She is here today, smiling as usual, but through her tears.

As has been stated, they worked together and made a marvelous team, happy, cheerful, honest, life time partners.

One of the previous speakers mentioned why such people should locate upon these outposts of civilization, and what things in life prompted them, guided them. I think that perhaps, it was this kind of a desire that prompted Sam Walter Foss to write these beautiful lines, that he is so famed for writing. I think it was "A House By The Side Of The Road", their home was A House By The Side Of The Road, and I say so after having lived by this family nearly all of my life as a neighbor, and if a better neighbor could be found, I would not know where to tell you to look, for they "Lived In The House By The Side Of The Road". He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road.

"THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD".

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran--
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in the house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by--
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban--
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan--
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
For live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road--
It's here the race of men go by.
They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
They are strong.
Wise, foolish--so am I;
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

It is true they have lived in the house by the side of the road and it is true they have been friends to man. Where that inspiration came from, I do not know. One of the speakers has suggested that it came possibly from the stalwart for-bears, maybe it came from the first verse in the one hundred and twenty first Psalm:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help".

Perhaps it was the teachings of the stalwart parents, the pioneer parents of William H. Davis on one side and Sarah Cummings on the other side, who did so much to make this valley and this county what it is today. They have won in whatever they tried to do, or anything that required effort on their part, they have done and accomplished.

One of the speakers has told us here of a couple the parents could sing about. Up here I have a volume written by one of the most profound thinkers the world had ever known. Elbert Hubbard. He dedicates

the entire book to great lovers and among them I jotted down his conception of the beautiful things in life as it affects them. Robert Louis Stevenson, Annie Osborn, Josiah and Sarah Wedgewood, Parnell and Kitty O'Shea, and many others. In the Davis home, as brother Haliday mentioned, I have never seen in any books, more beauty than I saw in the Davis companionship. Their chief concern always was minding their own business and they always had in mind, "to get over on their own side of the road". They always kept on their own side of the road.

They had a knowledge, I think, a testimony of a child, to bask in the sunshine of William Davis and be his friend. That was his creed. He or his children and grand children and his wife, to know them, his joys were their joys, his peace their peace, and his sorrows were their sorrows and he proved it by his works. It is little wonder therefore, that their hearts are torn with anguish, even though they know that it is best. He was part of them. They considered him that, but there is nothing much we can do about it. We know little more about the resistance of death now than the cave men do.

About the finest thing we can do is to gather here in this beautiful chapel, which I think his hands helped to build and offer thanks in our weak way for having had him with us.

We honor and love and respect Aunt Lizzie and family, and the only and best thing God grants us to do now is to give consolation, comfort and real, sincere sympathy. We know that we may not invade the sanctity of this little family circle with anything but sympathy. We know that a deep gap so fresh as this cannot be assuaged by a stranger. Many of you have been through the same experience, and we know that in time the Great Healer will dull the anguish of sorrow, of loneliness, that will come to this wonderful woman, whom Elbert Hubbard could well have included in his list of the great lovers.

Will Davis may seem tonight to be riding out upon an unprecedented trail, but it is my firm conviction, that he is riding on a well marked and charted course, guided and directed by a compass God gave him as a reward for a life well spent.

His life was no jumbled affair. Brother Haliday told us he was never idle. I can add my testimony to that. He knew every morning when he arose to greet the sun, what he was about to do. He knew exactly what he could do and exactly what he should not do, just a heap more than the vast majority of people in our day in this mad, whirling world and it's scramble.

All he wanted was peace, quiet, and solitude; the right to live to pay his way justly, wronging no one, helping everyone. He wanted his neighbors to know that they were dealing with a human being, and did

he succeed? Yes, maintaining justly.

He learned his lessons among nature up there, and if those elements could speak, if the wind that whistled among the trees on the mountain sides, the lowing cattle and sheep and horses on the hills and in the fields, the river which ran and loitered past his door at high tide, its gentle purr when the summer sun had dissipated the winter snows, the homely sage brush on the hills, the plants, could all tell us of the accomplishments of a remarkable man.

And two of them worked their problems of life out together and set it down to music by the ripple of the river, to the murmur of the brook which passed their door.

Yes, they lived in a house by the side of the road. We remember them for a long time, for a thousand things that have never even come to light. We are disturbed at his going, of course, but we must not question the wisdom of the Judge who ordered it.

Yesterday, as I looked upon him, it seemed there was a sinister respect, a more glorious blessing about this remarkable neighbor of mine. He looked patient, serene; he has worked hard, he has earned his reward. All we can do is to turn to those things that may comfort as much as possible, our broken spirits and in doing this, you will find solace in the New Testament, which explains death. He has fallen asleep. We have poets, authors of songs and writings of inspired men who have dealt with the subject of death, but none can explain it like the Bible, and I turn in the Bible to Mathew, Mark, Luke and John, where it shows ample proof.

Woodrow Wilson said, "If I thought this was the end, I believe I would go mad."

Will He suffer the spirit of man to be hampered and not rise again? No. I do not think so. I am convinced that would be contrary to the Plan of Life. The author said that in Cairo, he had obtained a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for three thousand years in an Egyptian tomb, and he had put this wheat out in the sun and supplied the necessary moisture and in time it started to grow when it was properly nurtured by the sun and the moisture, and it grew on the banks of the Nile. It proved to be just "dead". However, this invisible germ of life is permitted to live through three thousand years, we do not know. So with the progress of Man. He will be a newer and better from than that old frame which has crumbled into dust.

If we are fortunate enough to be like Will Davis, we can add to that the working out of nature's laws. We see many things swallowed up with the darkness of night only to be born again in the morning when first streaks of dawn chase away the shadows of night. We

look up and see the radiance of the stars as they come out, and we know that story of old when the wise men followed the stars and what they found. We learn that after the clouds come, there is a refreshing rain usually, and we know that the darkest hour always is just before the dawn.

We learn to appreciate the lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

I know, as my life grows older,
And my eyes have a clearer light,
That under every right and wrong
There lies the noon of life,
Every sorrow has it's purpose,
But the sorrower oft once guessed,
Think just as the light brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

We are laying away now, a son of the soil under the ground. This body must go back to mother earth to give it sustenance, or life, back to repay the loan and if this world is to survive, and continue to grow in splendor, God must send more men like Will and Aunt Lizzie Davis, without them the balance wheel in this great machine would be seriously impaired. That is one of the reasons why I said what I did.

I count it a high privilege to be permitted to stand here and express an earthly word of farewell to her sweetheart, and my neighbor.

I know, as the previous speaker mentioned, when in here in my present capacity, it brings the heart throbs of a countless number of friends, one whose hopes and prayers and this countless array of flowers, marks the sympathy in which he is held, coupled with my words, I hope may add comfort and consolation to this family. I can say, when I get on the other side, if I can be permitted to have them as neighbors, I will be well contented.

May God in his wisdom, shower comfort upon the members of the Davis family tonight. I have written a poem about my good friend Will Davis. This is to Will.

"TO BILL".

The long hard ride is ended,
And Bill has passed over the hill,
His spirit erect in the saddle,
Though his wasted body is still.

Dead, so the papers have it,
But they do not make it plain,
That his spirit never flinched
And his smile kept pace with his pain.

So the friends today in vast array,
In humbleness lay a wreath,
On your tomb stone, Bill, with a prayer,
He will perhaps to you bequeath,
Just two of the many, many things
He loaned to you through life,
Which marked you a man in the strife.

Bishop Carlile -

I wish to endorse all that has been said. I do not know of a man or woman that I have ever met in life that I would rather meet in a meeting, on the street, or elsewhere, than I would brother and sister Davis. They always met you with a smile and they were always ready to give you encouragement and, if you had any burdens and met them, they seemed to lighten them and make the world brighter. That was their characteristic.

Brother and sister Davis were cheerful. They were charitable. They always supported the work of the Lord. I remember last February when the Bishopric called at the home, brother Davis was lying down and unable to be up, he was able to sit up, but very weak. We were out inviting people to our Ward party and when we went in and saw conditions, the condition of brother Davis, we were satisfied that neither he nor sister Davis would be able to come to the party. We told them our message and sister Davis said, "What do you want us to bring". We knew very well she would not be able to be there, but at the same time, they passed this road but once, and they were willing to do what they could, although they were not able to come to the party.

Brother Haliday left this thought with us, "They lived in the house by the side of the road".

I know there are many in the audience who could say what has been said here this afternoon and perhaps more, if they just had the opportunity.

Sister Davis and family have asked us to express their appreciation for the kindness that has been done, as it would be impossible for her to tell all of you or to thank all of you for the good deeds that so many have done for them during the sickness and death of brother Will, and they appreciate this and in behalf of the family, I want to express to you their gratitude for your kindness during the sickness and the death of brother Davis, for the music and the accompanists, to you who have come long distances to show your respect, to the speakers, to those who have sent flowers, and to you all for everything that has been done to make up these wonderful funeral services.

I pray the blessings of the Lord be continued throughout the remainder of the life of Sister Davis, that the trial that she has passed through will be lessened, and joy and happiness will come again. She will understand, she will be needed here, her influence is needed and may she take up life and be cheerful and happy and may her sorrow be lessened by Thy spirit and may she be comforted, also the family. I pray the blessings of the Lord be with her and her family and others, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Violin Solo - "Perfect Day", by Maurine Thomas, accompanied by Vera Rasband.

Prayer - Addison C. Moulton.

Our Father in Heaven, at the close of these wonderful funeral services, we present ourselves before Thee and we are grateful unto Thee for the words of comfort and consolation spoken this day and given unto us in music and song.

We wish to testify unto Thee, Heavenly Father, that the discourses that have been given today are true. For too much good cannot be said of brother Davis, for he was a wonderful man and we are thankful that we have been privileged to have had him in our midst. We wish to testify that brother and sister Davis have truly lived in the house by the side of the road, and were friends to many, many people, and in fact, to all who came near there.

We cannot say too much good of the dear wife of brother Davis and their family. Wilt thou bless them with Thy comforting influence that they will know and realize it is for the best, that it was for a wise and glorious purpose that brother Davis was called home.

Bless us, Heavenly Father, as we journey to the City of the Dead. May we go there in peace and safety. Bless us that nothing will mar our journey there and may we return in safety. Bless those who have come from other places of abode, that thy spirit will be with them that they may return to their homes in safety, that no accident will mar their return trip.

Wilt Thou bless sister Davis and her family with Thy healing spirit, that she may be able to carry on her duties and bless her that she will not sorrow too much or grieve too much for her husband. May Thy comforting influence rest down upon her. May she be blessed with health and strength, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Funeral March - "The Deepening Trials", Violin, Maurine Thomas, Piano, Vera Hasband.

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Graveside prayer - E. J. Duke.

Our Father in Heaven, we have gathered together in the City of the Dead to lay away in mother earth, one of our respected citizens and friends and we want to testify unto Thee, Heavenly Father, that he has been a very dear friend. He and his wife have always been willing to do anything they could for those who were passing by.

Now, Heavenly Father, we feel to dedicate this spot of ground that has been selected for his burial unto Thee, and we dedicate all that it takes to makeup this burial unto Thee, and we pray Thee Heavenly Father, that Thy guardian angels have charge over this spot of ground, that this good man may lie here in peace until the Resurrection. May he arise with the Just for he has surely been a wonderful man here upon the earth.

Wilt Thou bless his family that they will be comforted
and may they have thy influence rest down upon them.
Wilt Thou protect this grave and all that pertains there-
to, from the elements or anything that has a tendency
to destroy. Bless us as we go to our homes. May we
go in safety. Heavenly Father, bless this family that
their grief may be lightened and may they have courage
to go on, I ask in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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Reported with Deepest Sympathy by Catherine Moulton.

"JUST AWAY".

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you--oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old time step and the glad return--
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;
And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes--

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave
To simple things; where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,
The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking bird;
And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain.
THINK OF HIM STILL AS THE SAME, I SAY;
HE IS NOT DEAD--HE IS JUST--AWAY.

(James Whitcomb Riley)

